

Dark Darrell's Bride.

CHAPTER XL—CONTINUED.

"No, Roland," the girl colored deeply, and her eyes fell. "I am sorry about yesterday. I don't want to make excuses. I did not forget my promise to you."

"You need not apologize," returned her cousin, declining the proffered hand. "I know why you broke your promise; and it is not worth while to ask whether your other promise was made before I said good-bye to you the other night or afterwards."

"Other promise! What do you mean?" said the girl haughtily. "I made no other promise. I went out to avoid you; that is the plain truth—nothing more."

"Very well, then; I wronged you," answered Roland, who did not doubt his young cousin's truth. If Ilma had made an appointment with Darrell, she might have refused to answer questions; but she would never stoop to an untruth. "I thought you had promised Sir Phillip Darrell to meet him; for you were with him. You were seen walking along the road with him."

"What then?" said Ilma. "Is that so very new or strange a thing to do? Have I never walked or ridden with Sir Phillip before? What is it to you or any one in this place what I do or where I go?"

"It is everything to me, Ilma," cried the young man, "if Darrell is—as I believe he is—your lover! No; you shall hear me! You know that I love you; and that I can give you what he, with all his beauty and his wealth and his intellect, cannot give you—happiness! Surer as you will, you cannot shake off all faith in that terrible curse. You must believe that to love him is fatal."

"Then how can you save me?" interrupted Ilma, with flashing eyes. "I love him, it is too late—I must share his fate."

"Love? No, no," said Roland almost wildly; "it is not love—only fancy. You are captivated by his graces; his very doom has excited your interests. He is a dastard to have tried to win you; and he tried from the beginning. Look back, and you will see that I am not unjust to him. He threw himself in your way, he gave you a costly gift, such as no man would have given to a girl he did not want to lay under an obligation to him. Did he mean nothing by those flowers, nothing by—"

"Stop, stop, Roland! I will not listen to you! How dare you speak so to me of Phillip Darrell!" The slender girl seemed transformed into a woman, as she stood erect, with stern brow and commanding gesture, never more superbly beautiful than now. "Leave me alone, you have said too much already. I should not have loved you if I had never seen Sir Phillip Darrell! I never liked you, never trusted you, and you have proved that my instinct was right."

"Never liked me, never trusted me!" echoed Roland, drawing back a step. His face was livid—the look in his eyes was terrible. The girl trembled inwardly, though she showed nothing of this in her fearless, manly and dauntless gaze. Then he loved Phillip Darrell, and he loves you?"

"Why should I deny it? Even if his fate is sealed by a gipsy-woman's curse, am I not free to choose death with him rather than live without him?"

Roland stood still for a moment, gazing on the beautiful girl before him. He felt as if he could strike her; but not so should his vengeance be worked out. Suddenly he burst into a discordant laugh.

"Yes, I suppose you have a right to choose your fate. Yours is a fair life to win from him the 'useful sacrifice.' A man might well lose all for you. Yours will be merry marriage-chimes. Ha, ha! Tell them not to tell the infant-bell when they bring the last Darrell home with his bride! No, I am not mad; you need not recoil with that white face. It will be whiter to-morrow by this time!"

He laughed again, and, dashing open the door, rushed from the room and the house, leaving Ilma in the full belief that his mind was unbalanced.

An hour later Roland Sabine stood in the little wood near the Coalmere, talking in low tones to Job and Zeph Heston; and, as the trio parted, Zeph nodded with a resolute look of evil in his black eyes, and said, "All right; I'll do it!" and Job dropped some money into his pocket and said, "Agreed—all one to me sir."

Then Roland turned back towards the village, but not homeward. He went no farther than a deserted barn a little way up the slope; and there he sat down, with the wide landscape of hill and wood and river before him, and his heart full of a foul design that he scarcely cared even to try to veil with a euphemism.

He had not told Zeph the whole truth when he had enlisted her services; he had not told her that Ilma should have one chance for her life, and that that chance was to fly with him; he had only told her the alternative, as though it were the entire scheme; and, if Ilma chose that, his crime would perish with her. The Hestons dared not betray him, for his guilt was theirs, and Zeph regarded herself as in some sort an instrument to fulfill the curse of her ancestress. Moreover, in speaking to her first, he had filled her foolish and undisciplined heart with wild hopes for the future, till he gave the girl cause to think that would some day make her his wife. What the result would be when Zeph found herself deceived Roland did not ask himself; he was not a man who at the best of times was able to forecast beyond a short period, or to hedge round any contemplated mischief with safeguards; and now he was in no condition of mind for even ordinary precautions. Had Sir Phillip Darrell at that moment appeared before him, he would most likely have sprung at him with the ferocious instinct of a wild beast, without a second's consideration of his inferiority to his antagonist or of the consequences to himself if even he succeeded in taking the hated life of his cousin.

Starting in the change that evil passions had wrought in the young man in a few hours. His cheeks were livid and haggard, his rather lip was drooping, and his eyes were wild and bloodshot; any one who had seen him seated in that dreary place, with his chin on his knees and his hands propping his chin, might well have deemed that he had committed or contemplated some deadly crime.

Although the rain had ceased at Scarth Abbot again that night. The river rose steadily, and numbers of villagers watched anxiously the progress of the floods, and predicted that whether the rain came or not the river would certainly overflow at the turn of the night, if not before; though what mysterious influence the midnight hour had upon tides and currents was not explained.

Black and heavy the clouds rolled up from the west, till the whole sky was one black canopy, beneath which the river rushed foaming and roaring; and against the lark black ground the doomed Mill stood out white and ghastly.

Just when darkness had fallen on the scene, two figures came out from the wood

and passed down to the lock bridge, and one—a man's figure—vanished in the shadow; the other ran swiftly towards the Grange garden, which, at the back of the house, stretched to within a few hundred yards of the river.

As Zeph—for it was she—drew near to the gate of the garden, her keen eyes detected a form standing just without; and her young heart gave a glad bound. The next moment Ilma had sprung forward, and Zeph was panting for breath, pressing her hand to her side.

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked the Canadian hurriedly, her thoughts flying instantly to Roland, who had left her so in distraught a state of mind.

"Oh, lady," faltered the girl, "I was coming to tell you—I dare not tell them at the Larches; and the young Squire was fond of you; wasn't he, lady?"

"Go on," said Ilma, grasping Zeph's wrist and speaking quite sternly in her agony and terror. "What has happened?"

"He is down there, lady—in the mill's cottage—drowned. Father found him."

But Ilma waited for no more; she ran down the slope fleetly as a deer. She had reached the bottom, and had turned to ask Zeph, who was a little way behind, where the cottage was, when a stairway forced her head, and she was lifted in a grasp against which her wildest struggles would have been vain. She did not struggle, she did not try to cry out—it would have been useless; it seemed as if she were carried in that bewildering moment of horror never to be forgotten, that she was the victim of a terrible deception—that Job Heston and his daughter were but the tools of Roland Sabine.

"Don't hurt her, father," she heard Zeph say, as she was being borne rapidly onward; but it was too late; her cry grew louder and louder, so that Job's muttered reply was lost in the thunder of the angry waters. Were they going to throw her over? She almost wished they were. But no; she was carried out—still on, over the lock bridge. They were taking her to the Mill—the Mill that would be washed away that night! Where was Zeph now? Gone! Ah, Heaven, there was some sense of protection while in her presence! She was a woman, evil though Ilma knew her to be. Ilma did not faint, not once did her keen wit desert her. Every faculty was sharpened. She quickly revolved the feasibility of any appeal to her captors, and dismissed it as worse than futile. In the first place, Heston was firmly convinced that Dark Darrell would perish in that night's floods, and therefore he would only laugh at her if she promised him a reward from her lover if he would save her. In the second place, she felt certain that, though the roof of the mill prevented her from hearing anything else, Roland Sabine was close at hand, and possibly—nay, probably—armed; so that treachery on Job's part would be instantly frustrated.

Her cousin's object was, she thought, to imprison her in the Mill, and to try to force her into a promise to fly with him, leaving her, if she refused, to perish in the floods; and, horribly as this fate was, it was Elysium compared to that which she had first conceived, and which even now was not beyond possibility.

Her hurried reasoning was cut short by Job pausing; then he commenced to ascend steps. He was going into the Mill! Then for the first time she heard steps following. On they went, still on; they had passed the first floor. Next a somewhat steep ladder was climbed, something was set down by the man who followed, Job—the man was Roland, Ilma knew—and the next moment she was put down gently, the door reopened, and she found herself in the dissolved corn-loft from the narrow window of which she had gazed a few days before, and Roland Sabine stood before her, the dim rays of a lantern shining upon his ghastly face.

Not less ghastly was the face on which he stared at her, while the large, brown eyes sought his in a very agony of appeal. Even Job Heston, villain though he was, turned away, and seemed unwilling to gaze on the beautiful fragile creature he had brought to a dreadful death.

Roland raised the terrible silence. He advanced a step towards his victim. "Ilma," he said, and his voice sounded hard and changed, as changed as his aspect—"you have nothing more than death to fear. There is but one way to escape open to you."

The girl did not answer him; but he saw the look of terror pass from her eyes, and a deep long breath of ineffable relief made her breast heave for a second. The horror of the situation was too new to her yet fully comprehended, and the thought of death as something to surmount had not yet come; it was as an angel of light that it came just now.

Before Roland could speak again, Job strode towards the large trap-door that gave admittance to the loft.

"I'm off, sir," he said. "Tain't safe to stay here long; and, if you'll take my advice, you won't stay long. The floods may be up any hour, with the rain falling in the mountains as it is. Good-bye, missy. You dare not stay here when you let Dark Darrell catch your fancy with his handsome face and glowing tongue?"

He uttered a harsh laugh, perhaps to hide some gleam of better feeling in his hardened nature, as he left the hapless girl to her fate; and the next moment he and Job disappeared through the trap-door and descended the ladder, whistling softly.

Roland sprang to the window—for Ilma did not stir a step or move her aching lips—and looked out. Was it the gleam of water that he saw immediately below? Was the river, in the few minutes that had elapsed, up to the door of the Mill? It had almost reached their feet as they entered, but now—He turned, and suddenly grasped Ilma's wrist, with a grip so strong that at any other time she must have cried out; now she seemed beyond feeling physical pain.

"Ilma," he cried hoarsely, "there are no more moments to lose; the floods may be on us directly! Do you understand? Come with me—fly with me—on my wife; refuse, and I leave you here to perish. There is no escape; and there is no relenting in me. I would kill you with my own hand!"—he said those words through his teeth, his face close to hers, his hot breath on her cheek—"remember, then, see you in Phillip Darrell's arms—his bride. Now choose; there is no mercy. I brought you here to-night to choose between life with me and death with him!"

Steadily, calmly, with the awful roar of the young swelling waters in her ears, the young girl looked into the face that seemed scarcely human. Low and firmly she spoke, her first words she had uttered in her fatal prison-house.

"I will die. I am not afraid to die. If my time is so short, leave me alone to pray; for I am not foolish, though I have done you no wrong."

Roland relaxed his grip and fell back.

"Are you mad?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Did you comprehend me when I said 'die with him'? You shall not die alone—no, no—that were cruel!"

He laughed till the rafters rang, and the girl recoiled with a new and fearful terror in her heart. Roland's wild words when he parted from her that morning came back to her. Was he mad?

"No, no," he said again more calmly, but with a concentrated ferocity in his tone and look almost more terrible than his frantic outbreak; "you shall see your handsome lover once more. He shall clasp you to his heart again and give you a parting kiss. Do you understand me?"

Stopping before her, and folding his arms, "If you choose death, I shall send to Phillip Darrell and tell him where you are; and I know him and his race well enough to know what he will do. He will come!"

With a cry of agony the girl flung herself at her captor's feet.

"Roland, you cannot—you will not do this! Kill me with your own hand—drag me from here and fling me into that torrent—but, oh, spare him! Spare your own soul that added guilt, Roland!" She tried to clasp his hand in the passion of her pleading, as she saw that the very end still more the heart she strove to soften. "Think what his grief will be when I am lost to him, and by so awful a fate! Is not that worse punishment than death? Is it not enough to have my guiltless blood on your head?"

"He must fulfill the curse," answered Roland, eyes fixed, and with a wild gleam in his eyes, he stamped violently on the floor. "What does it say?"

"Till the waters, rising, rising, drag the bounden sinner—Life for life for traitor's deed; When the floods are out, take heed!"

Spare him, when every word and look of yours show how you love him! No prayer for your own life—but for his you go on your knees and pray in agony! You can save him if you choose. You have one minute to make that choice!"

Ilma rose from her knees. As she stood erect before her would-be murderer facing the narrow cleft, the moon broke out suddenly from behind a bank of clouds and shot a broad shaft of light into the dreary loft, shedding a pale glory upon the marble features and the gleaming golden hair.

"I will die with him!" said the girl.

There was silence. The two—murderer and victim—seemed scarcely to breathe. Roland's face was shrouded now in gloom, the girl's uplifted to the light, which seemed to come as an omen from Heaven; and she breathed a prayer for the man she loved as he prayed for himself. Only that destruction might come to her so swiftly as to snuff out the hope of his dying with her, and so save him.

Hush, above the roar of the weir, and the rushing river, what was that other sound distant and faint, but recognized by the girl's quick ear? She had heard it on the great St. Lawrence when the ice broke up. Two late! Phillip was saved! The floods were upon them!

But Roland heard nothing. He knew not why that greater radiance flashed into the lifted face, why the small hands were clasped over the throbbing heart. He turned—his eyes were bloodshot and his eyes wild and glassy.

"Then die," he said, his voice scarcely above a whisper—"die with your doubly-acursed lover!"

He snatched up the lantern and was gone. She heard him reach the door below, heard him descend the stairs, heard him cutting off all chance of her escape. She heard him pass lower, and then a mighty sound rose above even the fierce roar of the weir; but it did not draw down the piercing surges of despair that rang up towards the trembling wooden walls. Hushing like thunder, heaving up trees like flags, sweeping all before it, came the flood!

It spread far over the meadows to left and right, carrying sheep and cattle onward to its mad career.

The stout wooden piers of the bridge over which Dark Darrell had ridden on that sunny morning when the floods had dreamed above the glittering tide, were broken into splinters, and the whole structure whirled away into fragments.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HORSE TRAINER'S WORK.

How many people who sit in the grand stand and see a horse run or trot a mile, says the Turf Field and Farm, give a thought to the anxious hours devoted to the preparation of the animal for the struggle? The trainer has for weeks and months been over his charge all day and during the night, and he has asked himself a thousand times what the result will be. Will victory come to him or will defeat beat him to the dust? The spectator is only alive to the rush and dash of the moment. He knows but little of the long and weary days of preparation and he dismisses the flight of speed as something which filled up merely a brief pause in his life, which gratified a passing fancy. If the spectator could be induced to think of all the hours of toil and anxiety probably he would be more generous in his applause for the winner and fuller of charity for the beaten. The orange which bends the supporting branch does not ripen in a day. The first stages are bud and flower. Its growth is typical in a measure of the development of the horse.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

The "Key of Death" is apparently a large key which is shown among the weapons at the arsenal at Venice. It was invented by Tibaldo, who, disappointed in love, designed this instrument for the destruction of his rival. The key is so constructed that the handle may be turned around, revealing a small spring, which, being pressed, a very fine needle is driven from the other end. This needle is so very fine that the flesh closes over the wound immediately, leaving no mark; but the death of the victim is almost instantaneous.

CAT FOLLY.

The following advertisement appeared in a German newspaper: "Wanted by a lady of quality, well-to-do and respectable—dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

NOT SO FLE-ONS.

Mrs. Bingo (to the minister)—"Won't you have another piece of pie?" The minister—"Thank you, no." Tommy (who has been warned not to ask twice)—"I guess we are both in the same boat"—Life.

THE ALLIANCE.

The Alliance Bulletin: The effort to divide the Alliance forces upon the sub-treasury scheme is proving a dismal failure. The plan is one of the soundest financial measures ever placed before any people, and the time is not far distant when this, or some other equally as good plan will be enacted into law.

The Oregon Alliance Herald: If the Farmers' Alliance had collapsed half as often as the newspaper opponents have given out news to that effect it would long ago have been forgotten, but instead of being forgotten it is being remembered in a very lively way, and the remembrance promises to become even livelier as the presidential contest approaches.

Wilton Star: The insinuation that it has been on account of a lack of industry, frugality and system that has in the past fifteen years more than ever before engulfed the farmers in mortgage indebtedness is willfully false. And no one knows it better than many that make the charge. There is no class of people that works harder and practices more economy and enjoys less of the comforts and luxuries of life than the farmer. Monopoly, contraction and rascality in high places have done it.

The Sentinel: The people know that the one paying the Vanderbilts \$13,000,000 a year salary; and millions of them are quite tickled at the idea, or at least they act as if they were. Such "Elite Barnacles," patriotic families among us serve as a nobility, and quite reconcile many of our rich to living in America.

As for the poor, bless you, they seem to feel only envy for those more successful people, but they are willing to do a little starving to keep their ludships and ladyships in good trim and fine feather.

The Arkansas Farmer: The great underlying thought that is at the bottom of all the principles of the Farmers' Alliance is the overthrow of the present unfair, unjust, and iniquitous system of national finances, and the institution of another that places the government nearer to the people, the treasury nearer the masses instead of the classes. It is the determination of the people to hold and enjoy the fruits of honest labor instead of standing by and seeing others enjoy them whilst they suffer. This they are determined to have and nothing can now stop the movement.

The Beaver Appeal: Do not let your old party prejudice keep you from studying the sub-treasury plan. Do not let the old party politician deceive and mislead you and keep you from investigating it. He knows that the corrupt leaders of the old parties will never work for any change in our financial system that will prove beneficial to the masses, and that his only hope of keeping you in the old party ranks is by blinding you to the truth and keeping you in ignorance. Let the light shine upon you. Seek earnestly and honestly for, and open your heart to receive the truth and you need not fear the result.

Labette Count: Statesman: The owners of bonded whisky owe the government \$10,000,000 in taxes and they are asking to have the time of payment extended. As a presidential campaign is coming on the request will probably be granted, and no penalty charged as the law does not provide for it. The farmers and other owners of real estate in Kansas owe the state quite an amount of back taxes. A request to have the time of payment extended could not be granted under the law, but the state will sell its land to get its money, and allow the owner of the land three years to redeem in and only asks him to pay the holder of the certificate two per cent per month until redeemed. The same political party made both laws.

The Alliance Monitor: The Alliance comprises a majority of the voters of Alabama. These voters have a right to their opinions to their policies, to their plans and their purposes. They are simply exercising the right of citizenship in all they have undertaken and all they purpose to accomplish. They have all their material interests and the welfare of their children involved in the result. It is not only their right but their duty to do all they are undertaking. They would be recreant to the demands of manhood and every obligation incumbent upon them if they should do less. A majority of them regard the union of the West and South as the easiest, best and safest plan to be pursued, and those who claim to be their leaders should seek that consummation.

San Miguel Messenger: There is not an industry in this state but is oppressed by the railway monopoly, but the worst is the agricultural interest, which by all means should be best fostered. It looks as if the railroads were on the plan: "How much tariff can this and that article stand," and they put it on accordingly. This is exactly as wrong in theory as it is in practice, and railways could secure a fair profit on money invested. This is the principle on which the railway system of Oregon is worked. In pursuing this policy all the rich agricultural sections east of the Cascades have been brought under the plow and where formerly was a wide waste of land is now to be seen a teeming agricultural population. The more money farmers make the better it is for the state at large, and our legislators and railroad commissioners would do well to inquire into this more fully, and act accordingly.

Cold Facts.

Does our government ever borrow money? Yes. How? By issuing interest-bearing bonds to the lender. Does the government ever loan money? Yes. How and to whom? It loans money to a few capitalists and takes as security its own bonds. They are known as the national bankers.

What interest do these banks pay the government for the money loaned them? Only 1 per cent per annum. What do the banks do with this money? They loan it to the plain people at from 8 per cent to 24 per cent per annum.

Will the government loan one of its citizens money at 1 per cent per annum? No. These banks control the government, and they will not allow the government to loan money to its individual citizens.

Does the government pay these banks any interest on the bonds that they deposited as security? Yes; the government pays them interest on the bonds all the way from 4 per cent to 6 per cent per annum.

Is this "equal rights to all and special favors to none?" No. The favors are all on the inside and the plain people are all on the outside.

Are the government bonds good security? Intrinsically they are nothing but printed paper, and are valuable only to the extent of the solvency of the government.

What is the basis of the government's solvency? Land; the basis of all wealth. Why is land valuable? Because of its productiveness.

What is the government's ultimate resource to pay its bonds? Products of the soil.

If a government based on the products of the soil is good security for a government loan, why are the products of the soil not good security?

They are, and better security, for the one is tangible and certain, whilst the other is intangible and uncertain.

What objections, then, can there be to the sub-treasury plan?

There is no reasonable objection.—Alliance Herald.

How Delightful.

"I am one of those that believe that these men from your shops, these farmers, remote from money-centers, have the largest interest of all people in the world in having a dollar that is worth 100 cents every day in the year, and only such. If by any chance we should fall into a condition where one dollar is not as good as another, I venture the assertion that the poorer dollar will do its first errand in paying some poor laborer for his work. Therefore in the conduct of our public affairs, I feel pledged, for one, that all the influence of the government should be on the side of giving the people only good money, and just as much of that kind as we can get."

"How long, O Catalina, wilt thou abuse our patience?" How long, O Harrison, and other United States presidents do you think our people will eat such chaff as this?

How happy are they Who their masters obey— And have laid up their treasures In Wall Street!

How sweet, nice, delightful it is to know that the great, high, absolute truth about money and finance is not that entertained by a few stupid, pig-headed, chucklehead mudsills and hayseeds, but that entertained by all the "best people."

What is this blisful arrangement of divine providence that decrees that the honest gold dollar, the high priced aristocratic dollar, the horse leech of usury, the dollar that sneaks away to Europe in time of our greatest need, the dollar that the rich man yearns after—is the very dollar that the poor man would yearn for "if he knew enough."

But like Artemus Ward he is beginning to say "Nary yearn!"—Chicago Express.

A Pertinent Question.

A pertinent question, according to The Grange Advocate, is, Will the voters support the candidates in the future who have the courage to place themselves upon a platform advocating the demands of the people and pledging themselves, if elected to use their utmost efforts to carry out these demands? There is no use trying to rub out the fact that the people have been fooled, badly fooled, a number of times, and the only way to put a stop to present methods is to elect men to office who will be true to the promises, no matter what influence may be employed to induce them to go back on their pledges.

We will go further than this and say that the people should resolve right away that they will no longer support any but men who can be trusted to carry out the wishes of the people in all matters unless it can be demonstrated that said wishes are unwise. This is the true course for patriotic men and they should be satisfied with nothing short of this. In this way politics can be purified to some extent, at least.—Progressive Farmer.

The Salina Union.

This government has given to railroad corporations millions of dollars as subsidies. But did you ever hear of the government loaning a laboring man who has been thrown out of employment, a family dependent upon support, enough money to get a breakfast with? But it loans to the national banks millions at 1 per cent. Yes, the government has had millions for corporations, but not 1 cent for toilers.

NON-PARTISAN.

So the Mercury Decries the Financial Problem to Be.

Senator Coke, last summer, in a letter to the Milan County Farmer's Alliance, denounced the Alliance sub-treasury plan as "unconstitutional, visionary and revolutionary." A few months afterward he introduced a bill into the United States senate permitting national banks to loan money to the people on real estate security. This showed that he had been investigating and had found that the Alliance demand for more money was an imperative necessity, and being a progressive man, proposed his plan as a substitute.

In discussing these plans every man of sense will admit that no partisan politics or prejudice should enter in the remotest degree. As the Coke and Alliance propositions bear identically the same relations to the Constitution, the discussion of them is necessarily non-partisan. Blaine and Hayard are partners in a railroad. Ex-Governor Brown, of Tennessee, and ex-Senator Platt, of New York, up to Brown's death, were partners in a large coal and iron mine in Tennessee. Often, too, we see banking and other syndicates with Republican presidents and Democratic cashiers, or vice versa. Why should not the common people adopt the same methods in discussing their financial problems? In this spirit we propose to discuss the Coke and Alliance plans. Under the Coke plan the government furnishes the banks money at 1 per cent per annum, and the banks loan the people the money at whatever interest the bankers may determine, say 10 per cent, the legal rate. To put \$1,000,000 in circulation under Coke's plan will cost the people \$300,000,000 annually, of which the government gets \$30,000,000 and the banks \$270,000,000. Now, placing the expenses of running these banks at \$10,000,000, leaves a clean profit of \$260,000,000 to the bankers every year. The expenses and profits growing out of the Coke plan would, like every other debt, be paid out of the producers' earnings. Under the Alliance plan it would cost \$60,000,000 annually to keep \$3,000,000,000 in circulation, every dollar of which would go into the treasury of the people. We will presume it will cost \$40,000,000 to transact the business. Under the Alliance plan there will be an annual saving of \$200,000,000 to the government, which would relieve the people of that amount of annual taxes, besides it would result in an annual saving of \$250,000,000 to the people direct. The question as to which plan is the most desirable to the people is fully answered by the above figures. Demagogues are the only class who try to bring partisan prejudice into such discussions, and denounce this, that or the other, as undemocratic or unrepudican. Any business man or concern who permits demagogues to sway its operations, exists by robbing the people or will prove a failure. We trust our readers will discuss these great questions as business men and not as partisan politicians. The Mercury doesn't care one fig what political party one may belong to. Officially it treats them all as American citizens, equally, alike honorable and only asks everyone when discussing the plans that have been proposed to do so as American citizens and with a determination to find the best solution and enforce it.—The Southern Mercury.

Truth and Wrong.

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne. Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown, Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great. Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate. But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din, List the ominous stern whisper from the delphic cave within.

"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust, Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just.

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside, Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

—James Russell Lowell.

Third Party.

What is, or what will it take to organize a third party? Who is or who ought to be the government? Of course the people. If there should be opposition to the people it is not a political party, it is a conspiracy for the purpose of wronging the people, and should not be recognized as a political party at all. Then the people are the first and only political party, and should be considered so by all. Watch our works and if we don't prove only one party in 1892 I am fooled, and indications don't count for anything.

Will you publish this? If so tell the people to stand together, and fear no noise; we are the boys. The battle belongs to us, and when the polls are opened in 1892 we will show a battle line, straight and solid from Maine to California and from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Democracy is safe any time and any where, and all who stand on the Omaha platform stand on pure Jeffersonian Democracy. We, the people, are the party. There can be no honest intelligent opposition, no second or third party, but one party with gamblers, swindlers and robbers on the opposition.

There is no fight now by well meaning people. The light is too plain.—W. W. Wilkinson in the Southern Alliance Farmer.